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WOMANSENSE

Pale Blue Felt and Maribou



By PRUNELLA WOOD

PALE BLUE is a lovely colour for complexions and for furs, a colour which is just as dramatic looking as white for hats in the winter time, and a good deal more novel as a choice. The widely draped velours model, left above, is really an ice blue shade; the half-hat and muff, right, are of fairly vivid aquamarine blue.

Above, a half hat which leaves crown and back of head uncovered, is made of fluffy aqua blue maribou feathers, and trimmed with dark brown velvet bows. Muff to match.

FLYNN'S DOING RIN TIN TIN'S ROLE

By PATRICIA GLARY

HOLLYWOOD—It used to be that Rin Tin Tin jumped through the window to save the heroine. Now, a director says, Errol Flynn's doing it.

Ray Enright, who broke into movie directing in 1912 by urging Rin Tin Tin over the window ledge, now is doing the same thing with Flynn.

Long since graduated from the canine school of acting, Enright is currently putting Flynn through the romantic paces of "Montana" at Warner Bros.

Still Likes Animals

The director still believes in animal stars. "Sure, Flynn's a big hit," he said. "But so is Lassie."

He is sure the time will never come when animals are not important to both picture-goers and picture-makers.

"Look at 'Montana,' for instance," he said. "We've got Flynn and Miss Smith. And we've also got 3,000 sheep, 43 goats, two collie dogs, seven sheep dogs, a mule and enough horses to keep Santa Anita busy all next season."

"What a picture this would have been for Rin Tin Tin!"

A NEW VACCINE THAT MAY HELP TO FIGHT TB

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

IN spite of the fact that we know its cause and have better methods of treatment than ever before in history, tuberculosis still continues to be one of our important health problems and contributes much tragedy to the home.

For years, scientists have dreamed of producing increased resistance to the germs which cause this disease by means of vaccination. If this could be done, they reasoned, exposure to the germs would be less dangerous. Young infants, particularly, susceptible to the disease, could be protected during this early, hazardous period even though they lived in crowded quarters where tuberculosis germs abound. It would also be of value among young adults, such as doctors and nurses, who are repeatedly exposed to germs by reason of their occupation.

To be useful, of course, the vaccination would have to be given before tuberculosis infection was actually acquired, for there is no evidence that any vaccine, however powerful, would alter the course of a disease which is already present.

A Step Forward

This was the dream and, in 1906, a couple of French scientists took the first step forward toward realizing it. Thirteen years later a vaccine, called BCG, made from tuberculosis germs obtained from cows, was developed. The germs used were so treated as to be weakened but not killed.

But, in science, the gap between a dream and its complete realization is long and it was not until recently that the vaccine was used in the United States, and then only to a limited extent. It is given by placing a few drops of vaccine on the sterilized skin of the arm, and, with a sharp needle, a number of skin punctures are made through the vaccine, just as are made with smallpox vaccine. A small lump develops at the point of each puncture. After about a month, this lump disappears without causing any discomfort.

A number of studies have been made in the United States to determine just how effective the BCG vaccine may be. In general, they seem to show a reduction in the amount of tuberculosis infection in vaccinated groups.

However, it would appear that a great deal more work is necessary to determine just how much protection is given by the BCG vaccine, how long it lasts, and just what plan of vaccination would best produce and maintain the protection. It is stated that such a study may require a period of at least twenty years.

No Troublesome Reactions

At present, it would seem that it can be generally accepted that BCG vaccine is safe and will not cause any troublesome reactions if it is properly given. It also appears to give some protection against tuberculosis throughout a period of about six years, which is the length of time for which vaccinated groups have been carefully observed.

As with any type of vaccine, the protection produced by the BCG vaccine is only relative, that is, if a person breathes in enough of the virulent type of tuberculosis germs, whatever protection he has from the vaccine may be overcome.

In any event, BCG is not a substitute for the known methods of preventing tuberculosis, but in some future time it may be found helpful as a supplement to these.

TWEED COATS ARE POPULAR



By GRACE THORNCLEIFFE

IMPORTED IRISH tweed makes the coat of this handsome and practical ensemble. Multi-colored flecks brighten the green background colour of the coat. The fitted waistline offers a pleasant change from the loose swinging line that has obtained prominence for so long. The shoulders are gently rounded, the front is double breasted below a classic collar and revers. One inverted box pleat is released from the back centre seam. Worn with it is a dress in pale green sheer wool crepe. Slot seaming is used to define the skirt gores.

Make Good Posture a Habit



When sitting assume a relaxed position, advises Jacqueline White, of the movies, and your back will never tire.

By HELEN FOLLETT

GOOD posture begins in the mind. If a woman has a keen desire to look smart and snappy, she will carry her body beautifully. If she doesn't care about appearance her movements will lack grace.

In posture, as in other things, good habits are the key to success. It is important to stand, walk and sit correctly. Although many teenagers go through their calisthenics regularly in school, they lose stance and perfection of carriage at other times. Teachers of physical education get pretty discouraged. They report that the effect of gym lessons is more pronounced among boys than girls. Boys have more pride in their figures, are intent on developing broad shoulders and full chests. When sitting, sit far back in the chair so your back is supported. Keep the spine tall, head and upper body balanced. Place the soles of your shoes on the floor, feet close together. The pose of the feet is important if one would appear well. When driving a car don't hunch forward with shoulders rounded.

When reading at a desk, be sure that the back is properly supported. A sagging back throws muscles out of kilter, has a deplorable effect upon the feminine figure.

There are special rules for the lady boss of the domestic works. If she must carry a heavy object she must not lean too far to one side. Lifting something from the floor is done with less effort if she bends her knees, takes a semi-squatting position, keeps the torso erect. The usual way is to bend over, straining the back muscles.

When ironing, cooking or dish washing the weight should be on both feet, body balance perfect. This means less fatigue when the day's job is done. The kids are tucked in bed and there is the prospect of a pleasant evening.

Let's Eat
BY IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Buying and Storing Poultry

THERE'S one point many home-makers don't know: chicken and poultry should always be unwrapped before storing in the refrigerator. And if possible a little crushed ice should be put over them. Otherwise dark spots may develop in the skin because it gets too dry. An interesting thing that is happening now in the poultry business, is the breeding of birds with fuller breasts; that is, more meat in proportion to bone. In buying poultry, a good plump bird always proves the most economical," said the chef. "The usual rule in buying poultry is to be served roasted, is 3/4 lb. for each serving, undressed weight." I said: "That's the right amount with an ordinary bird," he said. "But it's different with the specially bred small-boned full breasted turkeys now on the market. For instance, only recently, we witnessed a 17 1/2 lb. plump raw turkey before roasting. It yielded 7 1/2 lbs. sliced meat, with no bone or skin, enough for about 30 portions. Fill it with the wife's favourite giblet stuffing and the meat will go a third as far again."

Just as I was about to ask how this stuffing was made, the door opened, and in came a slender, smartly dressed woman. "Hello Edna," the poultryman said. "We have some visitors, and they'd like to know how you make giblet dressing for turkey and chicken."

Meaty Stuffing

"We like a dry meaty stuffing," she said, "so first I simmer the hearts and gizzards till tender, three sets for each chicken. Meanwhile I saute the livers in a little poultry fat. Then I put all the giblets through the food chopper and combine them with 2 cups ground dry bread crumbs. For seasoning I add 2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper and 1 tsp. savoury. I never use sage, it's too heavy a herb for poultry."

And you add no moisture whatever," I inquired. "The moisture in the ground giblets provides enough," she explained. "And by the way, for stuffing turkey I use a pound of giblets and 6 cups crumbs." "My wife is secretary and treasurer of this firm," said Mr. McInerney proudly. "Yet she's found time to rear our family of seven children besides helping out here and carrying on a business of her own. We all enjoy working. We consider that doing work you like is really fun."

Just then the telephone rang. "Short of help at the chicken counter of the 5 and 10?" our friend said. "You need a meat-cutter and two people on the counter? Emergency," he explained. "We've just opened a cut-up chicken concession at the 5 and 10 and it's jam full."

Trick Of The Chef

Save the skin of the chicken, cut in inch squares, fry and use as a garnish to creamed chicken.

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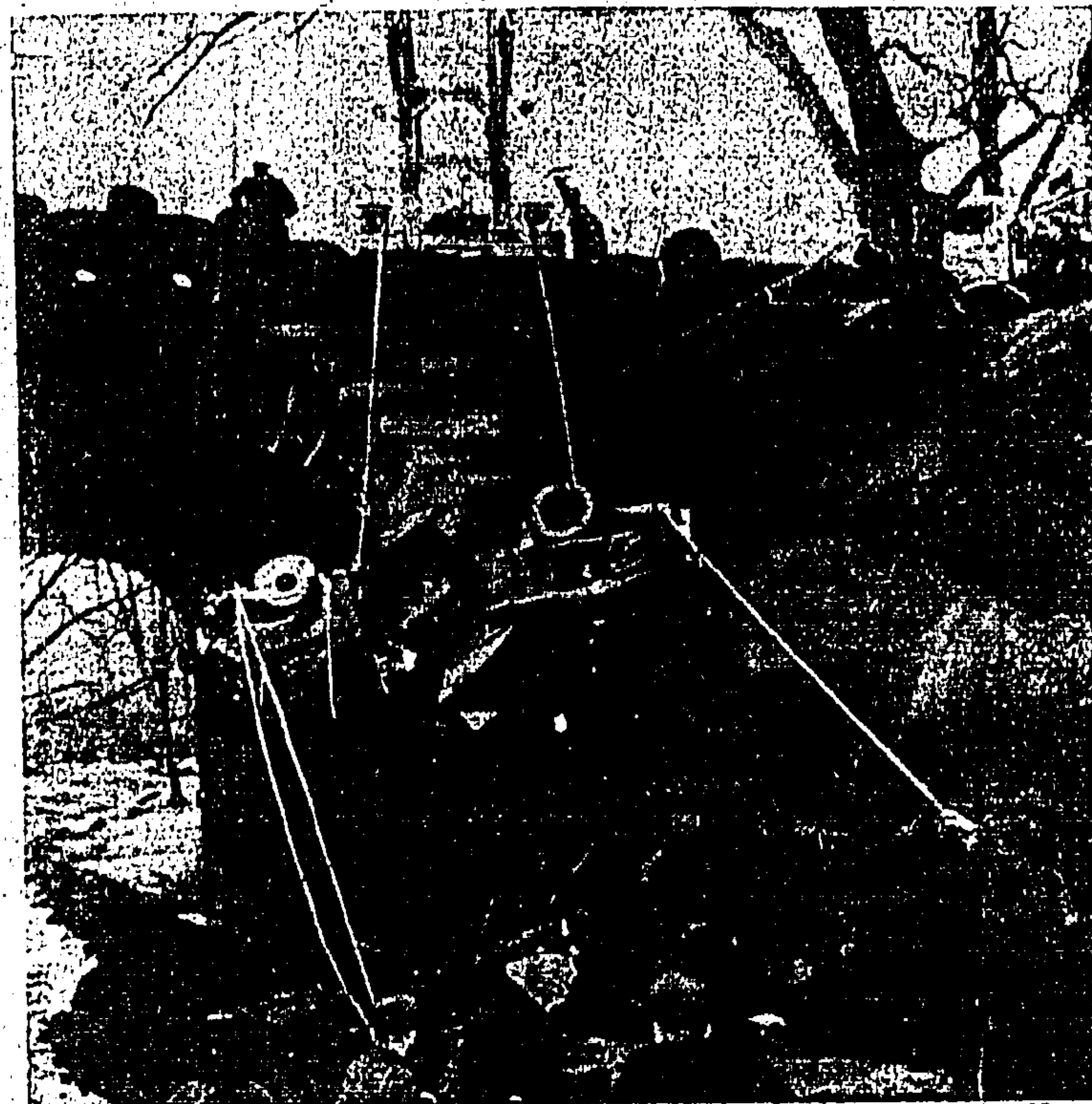
WORLD NEWS IN PICTURES



RELIGIOUS RITE—The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joseph F. Flannelly lies prostrate on the altar during his consecration as Titular Bishop of Metella and Auxiliary Bishop of New York. Presiding at the solemn ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City is Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, wearing mitre.



PARTY SPICE—Patricia Munsel chooses a cinnamon and black two-piece affair for party wear in New York. The pure silk taffeta skirt is topped by a fitted velvet top with a flared bustle.



SALVAGE JOB—Emergency squad police, who had to use sledge hammers to extricate the two victims, raise a car which plunged off a 40-foot embankment on Central Park's West Drive in New York. The car landed on its roof, seriously injuring the two occupants.



ROYAL NURSE—Another picture of the Royal baby. Prince Charles of Edinburgh rests peacefully in the arms of his nurse, Helen Maude Rowe, who attended Princess Elizabeth at the birth.



NEW STADIUM IN RIO DE JANEIRO—These stands are being erected for the gigantic new sports stadium scheduled for use in Rio de Janeiro by 1950. Facilities will be provided for American football, soccer, track events and many other sports.



WHAT PRICE BEAUTY—Actress Gregg Sherwood, though smiling, is disappointed. Beauty is hampering her career. She wants to act but producers give her parts which require her only to look pretty.



SOMETHING IS WRONG—Valley Beau, a boxer, looks uncomfortable as his friend Paul Terry hits a high pitch on the vocal cords on the arrival of the liner America in New York. Son of Sgt. and Mrs. Oliver Terry of Onida, Tennessee, a GI and French bride married in Metz, France, Paul is 15 months old.

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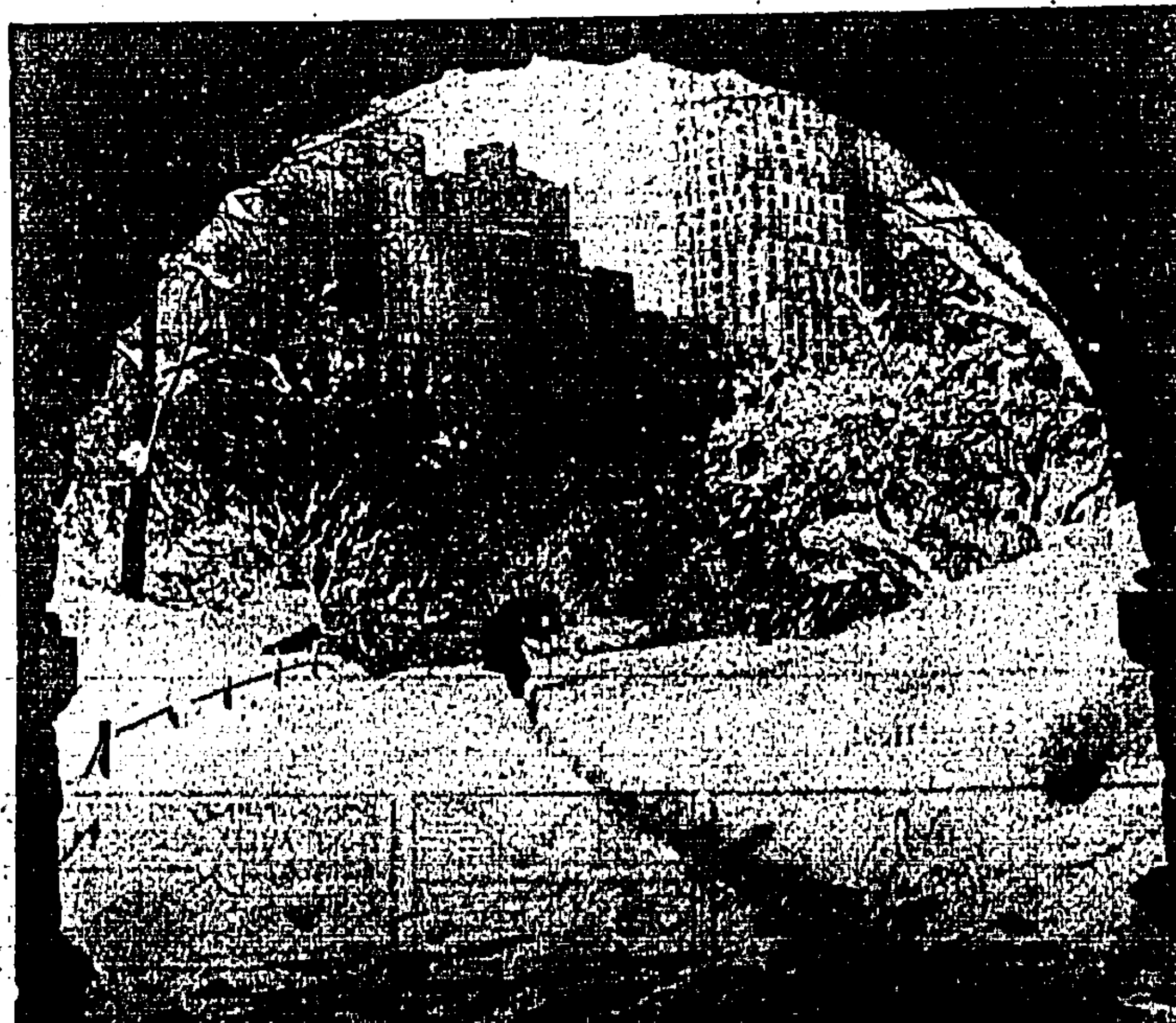
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RECORDING WINTER'S BEAUTY—This photographer, deeply intent on capturing a photograph of New York's Central Park, was completely unaware that another photographer was recording his struggle.

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Robert Beatty-Jack Warner-Simone Signoret
against THE WIND

with Gisele Pruville - Paul Dupuis - Gordon Jackson
Directed by Charles Crichton - Screenplay by T. E. B. Clarke
Made in England

The Visit of President Roosevelt to the North African Front Is Described in This Eleventh Instalment of



Inscription: For Kay Summersby, with my thanks and very warm regards—
Franklin D. Roosevelt—
June 6, 1944

ON the afternoon of November 20, our welcoming party assembled at the El Aouina airstrip. There was the usual waiting period; then, when we heard the nearing sound of engines, every neck stretched upward as five C-54's circled the field.

One cut in for a straight, swift landing. We all strained for a first glimpse of President Roosevelt, but it turned out to be General Marshall. Apparently the Secret Service was taking no chances on enemy fighters knocking off the Number One plane and their Number One boss. Tex, with new lieutenant-colonel leaves on his shoulders, bundled the general into a waiting car. The other four planes landed one right after another; two began unloading passengers and a third seemed to be an empty "spare." The Number Two plane taxied to our end of the field, and stopped. Several men rolled up a ramp. I drove my Cadillac over beside the plane and waited.

"Hey, there!" A burning Irish face appeared at my window, distorted with anger. I recognised Mike Reilly, the Secret Service chief who had been very much in evidence at Amilcar. "You're not expecting to drive the President, are you, lady?" he yelled.

"I certainly am. I'm General Eisenhower's driver and he instructed me to drive him and the President to the villa."

"But you can't!"

"And why not?"

The Only Man

HE was on the verge of apoplexy. "No woman ever drives the President!" he shouted, thumping on the door. "No woman ever has—or ever will, as long as I'm boss here. Certainly no Limey woman!"

Just as I started to elaborate on my own Irish background, with some very Irish temper, he ran towards the plane. I looked over and saw General Eisenhower standing on the ground. In the doorway was Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

His personality positively crackled, without as much as a word. That famous smile magnified every eye. Even General Eisenhower, usually prominent in the foreground, seemed to fade away with the others into a gray backdrop which permitted the spotlight to shine on only one person. To every person standing there, President Roosevelt was the only man on the airstrip.

But the show lost upon me, as I spotted Tex leaving General Marshall's car and heading in my direction, followed by a sergeant. "It's all right, Kay," he whispered, reaching my car. "We'll stratagem out this mess afterwards. I hope to ask you, but will you show this man how to handle your Cadillac?"

Seething with insubordination and loss of face, I jerked the new-type

gears and gave the embarrassed sergeant instructions how to run my car. Then I hurried away and climbed into another limousine, positive that everyone there, including the President of the United States, was laughing at the entire mix-up.

But the comedy had just begun. A Secret Service man came over as they put the President into my Cadillac and asked me to come back to drive the big car. As I climbed into the front seat, Mike Reilly's florid face reappeared. "It's all right, lady," he whispered. "You can't drive—the sergeant will take over from here!"

Going back to the other car, my heels threatened to shatter the runway.

Butch walked up and stuck his head in the window. "Don't worry about it, Kay. We'll fix everything when we get to the villa. It's just one of those things." He motioned to his companions, Admiral King, and Mr. Hopkins, whom I had met previously in Algiers. "How's about going in this car?" he yelled to them.

Introduced

SPEEDING blindly, I gave those three a ride they'll never forget, back to Algiers, through the city, and up the hill.

The guard around General Eisenhower's White House, now a temporary but very literal White House, looked as though the American Army expected the Germans' return to Tunisia any moment. My passengers got out and disappeared inside. Mike Reilly rushed over and said patronisingly, "It's okay for you to get back in your own car now. They've gone in the house."

I looked straight ahead and replied coldly: "I'll stay right here until I get further orders from my Boss. And no big glimpse of an Irishman's going to move me!" He stared for a moment, lips set, then walked away.

"Miss Summersby?" It was an officer from the official party. "The President has asked to meet you," he smiled, beckoning me to follow.

Glancing in the rear-view mirror to check a shiny nose, I trailed along into the villa. The noisy group of men in the front room were little more than a blur; I was worried about leaving my hat on.

I walked into the library. General Eisenhower, who nodded encouragingly, stood by the fireplace. President Roosevelt sat by the window, half-hidden by his two sons, Elliott and Franklin, acquaintances from my London days. Admiral Leany stopped talking as the General moved over and said: "Mr. President, this is Miss Kay Summersby, the British girl you asked about."

Maddening Blush

SHAKING hands, I immediately lost all trace of nervousness. Mr Roosevelt's grip was friendly, his smile warm.

"I've heard quite a bit about you," he said. "Why didn't you drive me from the plane? I'd been looking forward to it!"

From some deep storehouse of the past, I produced a maidenly but maddening blush. "Mr President, your Secret Service wouldn't let me drive!"

They all laughed.

Mr Roosevelt looked up. "Would you like to drive me from now on?"

"It would be a privilege, Sir."

"Very well. You shall drive me then. I'm going on an inspection trip soon."

He turned to the lovely view out the window, which framed the Bay of Tunis—and the Bonn peninsula beyond, and began talking of how he

wished there were time to spend weeks in Tunisia, away from official worries, just resting.

I recognised a kind dismissal and took my leave.

Mike Reilly was bouncing around the driveway. I called him over this time. "I've just been presented to the President."

"Heard you were," he grunted. "And no matter what you say," I added spitefully, "the President himself has asked me to drive him."

With good Irish humour, Mike surrendered. We agreed to bury the hatchet, as we'd be working together.

To La Marsa

SHORTLY afterwards, the President reappeared. They lifted him into the car with a quick efficiency which made the gesture seem wholly natural. His difficulty was ignored by common consent. . . . It simply didn't exist.

"I'd like to go over and inspect Elliott's outfit," he told me. "It's quite new, I understand."

We drove to La Marsa, a short ten minutes away, where he transferred to a jeep and rode along the lines of surprised and proud soldiers of Elliott's photo reconnaissance unit. We were back at Amilcar before sundown.

As the President went inside for a rest in General Eisenhower's bedroom, I started to leave for mess. Franklin came dashing out, however. "Just a minute, Kay," he grinned. "General Eisenhower says he's ready to leave—and, incidentally, you're invited to dinner here tonight."

Outrunk from his own quarters and far from a mood for office work, the General asked me to drive over to another nearby villa to visit Harry Hopkins. The latter and Butch immediately proposed a few rubbers of bridge, a welcome suggestion to ease the day's tension. When serving as dummy, I spent the time staring at Harry Hopkins, wondering just how he remained silver; clothes hung on his tall, frank frame as though it were a mere clothes-hanger. General Ike and I won.

Informal Dinner

WE were a trifle late for dinner, but the occasion—couldn't have been more informal. The absence of General Marshall, Admiral King, even Butch, emphasised this was a dinner, not a dinner party. President Roosevelt and his sons joked and talked as casual and naturally as fathers and sons anywhere. In the world, Ruth Briggs, an Admiral's daughter, and I comprised the female guests. "Pa" Watson, the Presidential aide, was a delightful companion, fatherly and gently chiding about my initial clash with Mike Reilly.

Sitting only one place away from Mr Roosevelt, who naturally headed the table, I was exposed to the fabled FDR charm. But I had to admit it was just that, pure charm: he had it on full, with all stops out.

After discussing plans for a battlefield tour upon which the President insisted as part of his visit before proceeding to Cairo, the party broke up. It was only 10.30 but the guests of honour obviously were fatigued by the long day, which had begun aboard a battleship in Oran, continued through a plane flight to Tunisia, included a troop inspection and a shop talk with General Ike, and concluded with a lengthy dinner. He needed rest. Bidding the others goodnight, he turned to me and spoke in a tone I hadn't heard since childhood: "See you tomorrow, child."

Elliott and Franklin stepped up as I moved away to drive General Eisenhower back to the Hopkins villa. "Come on, back, Kay," Franklin whispered. Elliott nodded: "We're having a little party tonight and it might take your mind off things."

By the time I returned to the White House, leaving the General to a session with the indefatigable

Hopkins, that party was in full swing. The President must be a very sound sleeper, as well as a very tolerant father, I thought, stopping into a room as noisy, smoky, and hot as any night club.

When General Eisenhower and I drove up to the White House next morning—a Sunday—we both stiffened in astonishment. The conveyer for our quickie tour of the battlefields was practically an armoured column. There were at least 20 vehicles, including two truckloads of MPs armed to the teeth, armoured cars, half-tracks, jeeps, weapons carriers—and a grim-faced Mike up front in a radio car, with an expression which revealed a life-long ambition to head an army into battle.

With President Roosevelt in the Cadillac, smiling at the Reilly brigade, we started off. Telek barked happily in the front seat. I looked forward to the idea of a picnic, which the President had suggested.

The lead radio car led our brilliant convoy slowly over the Tunisian countryside. I relaxed and listened to the talk in the back seat. It revolved around the late battles, the terrain, difficulties encountered, and some of the command personalities.

Picnic Lunch

THE President remarked that no one remembers the Chief of Staff after a war; fame comes only to combat leaders. "I am determined," he said, "that General Marshall shall not be forgotten after this war."

Suddenly, he pointed to a rare grove of trees and remarked: "That's an awfully nice place. Could you pull up there, child, for our little picnic?"

Nothing could have pleased me more. Mike, I knew, had already selected a special spot farther along the road; it was perfect for this fence. He would be curious at this change of plans. So I turned off the highway quickly, followed obediently and unquestioningly by all the vehicles behind us. Those in front continued merrily on their way.

By the time we pulled into the wood, Mike had discovered the loss of half of his convoy and came racing up in wild temper. He couldn't say much to his Boss, however, and, instead, busied himself setting up an impenetrable cordon of guards. They were posted in a wide circle, their backs to us, only a few feet apart, weapons at the alert. In this military, bellicose atmosphere, my passengers started their picnic.

"Child," the President said as I got out of the car to join the other drivers, "won't you come back here and have lunch with a dull old man?"

Page From Fiction

STARTLED but pleased, I climbed back and sat down beside him. General Eisenhower remained outside to hand us in delicious chicken sandwiches prepared by Sergeant Hunt. Coffee was the only other item on the sparse menu, as the General was afraid to offer lettuce or other green vegetables to the President in this disease-ridden climate.

The picnic ended, we took the President on a fast tour of areas where great battles had been fought. Then we headed home. He left for Cairo shortly before bed that night. Lying awake in bed that night, I gradually realised what an unusual week end it had been for an ordinary Army driver—a British girl at that—to be presented to the President and to participate in his social life. In fact, the past day alone had been a page straight from "Lanny Budd" fiction—sitting in the back seat of a limousine parked on Tunisian battlefields, surrounded by armed guards and the Secret Service, served sandwiches by a four-star general named Eisenhower, enjoying a picnic lunch beside the President of the United States!

(COPYRIGHT. TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

POCKET CARTOON



THE RUSSIAN WINDOW

A glimpse into the Russian mind, assembled by Peter Burchett from Moscow-circulated news in the Soviet sector of Berlin.

THE DOLLAR becomes the main item on a Soviet menu.

THE Soviet restaurant Intourist is the best and most class-conscious restaurant in Berlin. It is the only one, except for officers' clubs, where the waiters are immaculately dressed in tails. The only one, except for officers' clubs, where snow-white table napkins are provided.

A few days ago two innovations were made at Intourist. Foreigners were moved upstairs to eat on the same floor—though partitioned off—as Russians. Downstairs, a tribute to the value of the new German mark.

A new exchange rate of \$3.20 instead of \$4 to the pound was introduced, making meals more expensive for pound-holding guests, as all prices are calculated in dollars. And food coming from Russia, such as smoked salmon and caviar, can now only be eaten for dollars.

Until recently Intourist catered for two types of guest. Russian officers paying in marks upstairs, foreigners paying in dollars, pounds, Swiss francs, and Swedish kronor downstairs. There one could eat caviar from Astrakhan washed down with Leningrad vodka or good Crimean wine at modest prices.

The Western occupying Powers forbid anyone to take pounds, dollars, and other foreign money into Germany—they must be changed into occupation currency at the border. But Intourist is always well patronised.

CONTACT with capitalists has its influence on advertising.

FROM now on the Tagliche Rundschau will carry an advertisement section. For space rates apply to. . . . This announcement in the official Soviet Army newspaper in Berlin is staggering. For 3½ years now this newspaper has held up as a bad example the capitalist Press in Berlin because it published advertisements.

According to Communist theory, newspapers should not sell space for advertisements, because the advertisers try to buy the policy of the paper with their gold. Papers in the Soviet Union do not carry advertisements.

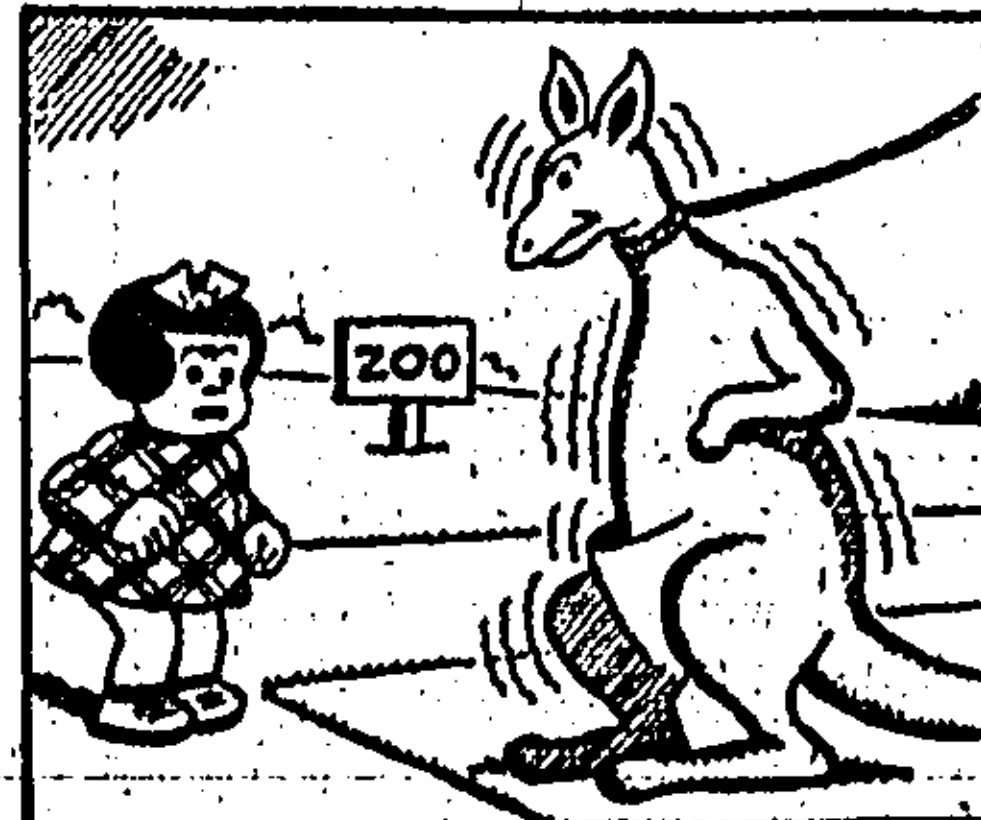
Letter to the editor of the magazine Krokodil.

DEAR Krokodil. How are your nerves? If they are good then it is due only to the fact that you did not take a rest. . . . (A new and much advertised cure for jaded nerves.)

I have just been treated there. My nerves were bad when I arrived, but not as bad as when I left. Alongside the sanatorium, separated from it by only a thin wall, is a cafe-restaurant where visitors sing and dance from early morning until late at night.

That is why invalids with bad nerves sit in their soothing baths with mixes in their ears. I left the sanatorium long before my time was up. I wanted to cure my nerves, but no nerves could stand up to such a cure.

NANCY Steam Heat



By Ernie Bushmiller



FOR THE BUSINESSMAN

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY

which	VIC plantree (per 100)
5,000	Slam tiles (per 100)
	NEI guilders (per 100)
	Gold yuan

Evatt Praises Attlee's Policy

ONE OF THE GREATEST DECISIONS IN HISTORY

Perth, Jan. 13.—The Attlee Government's policy to give "complete freedom" to India, Pakistan and Ceylon was described by Dr Herbert Evatt, the Australian Minister for External Affairs, today as "one of the greatest decisions in history." It had changed the entire outlook in the South East Asia region, he added.

"Australia's outlook towards these three nations is the same as the British. We have great and good friends among the leaders of those three countries," he told a summer school here. "These friendships must be confirmed and strengthened so that South East Asia can be made free from aggression, either physical or ideological."

No great conflict existed, he said, between the Australian and British attitudes towards Indonesia.

Turning to last autumn's Commonwealth Premiers' talks, Dr Evatt said: "One of the most important decisions of the conference has not yet been announced, but we hope it will be made public in the near future."

Saying it was wrong to suppose that Australia attached no importance to her ties with Britain, Dr Evatt said that Mr John Curtin, the Prime Minister, went to London in 1944 to secure closer co-operation and the establishment of an Empire Secretariat, but the only support he received was from New Zealand.

Australia again took the initiative at the October meeting of the Commonwealth Premiers in London, he added.

Australia accepted recommendations from this conference within an hour, but with the other governments, because of their own internal problems there were long delays.

Referring to the controversy over the dropping of the word "British" from the Commonwealth, Dr Evatt said the confusion arose because the word was omitted from a communiqué issued during the London conference.

"No decision to drop the word 'British' was ever made, and its use is essential for a host of reasons," he said. "The name does not mean that every nation in the group is British in race, because that is not so."

CENTRAL FEATURE

"However, it does refer to the central feature of the Commonwealth, which means to Australia a most intimate relationship with the King. How else can you refer to this group of nations? It would lead to confusion, because we have the Commonwealth of Australia and a variety of other Commonwealths."

Mr Clement Attlee regarded the Commonwealth Conference in London as the most important in the history of the British Commonwealth, Dr Evatt said.

Many important security and defence matters had been discussed, some of which could not be disclosed to the public at present.

The member nations of the British Commonwealth were associated through the Crown and through the right of nationality, but, said Dr Evatt, he preferred the word "King" to "Crown."

"A Crown is a chattel which is stored in the Tower of London except on ceremonial occasions, but the King is the head and pivot of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

"The King's powers are the continuing guarantee of the freedom and unity of the Commonwealth," Dr Evatt added. "The security of Australia depends on a successful United Nations Organisation, on British Commonwealth co-operation, and on regional co-operation as a secondary bulwark against possible aggression."—Reuter.

African Chief Warned To Renounce Bride

Capetown, Jan. 13.—The Bantuwato tribe of Bechuanaland has warned its Chief Designate, Seretse Khama, who is at present in London, to renounce his bride, a London typist aged 24, and return to assume the leadership of the tribe. Failing this, he will lose his right of accession to the chieftainship.

The tribe's ultimatum will go into effect after Seretse, aged 27, a former law student at Oxford University, completes his law studies in London and take his final examinations towards the end of this year.

The Johannesburg Afrikaner newspaper, Transvaler, reports that the tribe feels that Seretse has broken his contract with them by marrying a European without consultation and permission.

According to the newspaper, a memorandum conveying the tribe's decision to the British Government says that bringing a European wife to Bechuanaland would cause tribal disunity and unrest.—Reuter.

Aly And Rita Go Skiing



Aly Khan carries ski equipment as he and American film star Rita Hayworth set out for the ski run at Murren, Switzerland.—AP Picture.

EX-EMPEROR BAO DAI'S SURPRISE DECISION

Paris, Jan. 13.—Leading French Cabinet Ministers met in an emergency session today to consider the deadlock in Indo-China arising from the intimation of the refusal of Bao Dai, former Emperor of Annam, to return as head of the new Vietnam State until the French Government have given practical effect to the concrete guarantees of Vietnam independence.

BILL ODOM'S FLIGHT

Tiny Plane Said Running Well

Honolulu, Jan. 13.—Captain Bill Odom today crossed the half-way mark on the over-water leg of his 5,300-mile flight from Hawaii to New York, but he was running about four hours behind his flight plan. At 10.30 a.m. EST, Captain Odom was reported to be within 800 miles of the Washington coastline in his effort to break four long distance light plane records.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration picked up a position check from the flyer in which he said he was about 1,350 miles from Honolulu and was flying at 7,500 feet. He said he was encountering a "few high scattered clouds" and estimated that he would cross the coast near Seattle about 7 p.m. EST.

The lanky, round-the-world flyer bid goodbye to his patrol bomber escort at 8.05 a.m. EST about 900 miles northeast of Hawaii. The bomber had accompanied him since he left Hickam Field at 11.31 p.m. EST last night. As the PBV Catalina wheeled to the southwest it radioed him: "Wish you good luck." Captain Odom replied: "Sorry to see you go."

He said the engine, a tiny Beachcraft Bonanza, was running "pretty well" and noted that the plane was performing about as well as expected.—United Press.

"CHILDREN'S ANGEL"

Casablanca, Jan. 13.—Count Leonardo Bonzi and Signor Luialdi, two Italian airmen flying a single-engine monoplane, the "Children's Angel," to South America to raise funds for 15,000 war wounded Italian children, left here today for Dakar.

From Dakar they will make their trans-Atlantic flight to Buenos Aires.

The "Children's Angel" is so small that all the available space has been given to fuel tanks, even a radio transmitter being sacrificed. The Italians, who are carrying a precious relic of St Francis which they hope will safeguard them on their 13,000-kilometre flight, left Albenga, near Genoa, on January 7.—Reuter.

200 U.S. PLANES FOR ITALY

Wiesbaden, Jan. 13.—Two hundred surplus planes from the American Air Force have been sold to Italy, the United States Air Force Headquarters announced here.

The statement, which declared that the U.S. State Department had approved the sale, said that the first delivery would be 100 C-45 two-engine cargo planes, and the remainder 100 L-5 single-engine observation planes (both wartime models).

Under the peace treaty Italy is allowed 200 fighter and reconnaissance planes and 150 transport and other aircraft, excluding bombers.—Reuter.

The ex-Emperor's surprise decision has placed the French Government in a dilemma, and has revived Socialist pressure for entering into negotiations with the Communist national leader, Dr Ho Chi-minh.

M. Leon Pignon, the French High Commissioner for Indo-China, is to see the ex-Emperor in Cannes, in the south of France on Sunday in a last bid to find a compromise. General Nguyen Van Xuan, the Vietnam Premier, who arrived here last week, made it clear, however, that the ex-Emperor could return to Indo-China only after concrete agreements for Vietnam independence had been signed.

The Premier told Reuters today that there was not much time to lose. If the armed struggle was allowed to continue much longer, he said, the ravages of war might be irreparable and place Franco-Vietnam friendship under an unbearable strain.

RELEASE OF HOSTAGES

In Saigon, M. Gannay, President of the Indo-China section of the French Red Cross, said today he hoped soon to arrange for the release of French women, old men and children in the hands of the Vietnamese (Indo-Chinese autonomy movement).

M. Gannay, who met a Vietnamese Red Cross delegation led by Dr Vu Hieu Chan, 18 miles north of Hanoi on Monday, said today: "The meeting was cordial and the Vietnamese representatives showed great understanding."

"We hope for a new meeting in Tonkin, at the beginning of February, and soon perhaps for a visit to the hostages and the liberation of women, old men and children."

M. Gannay said there were about 520 French hostages in the north of Indo-China, a large proportion of them women and children. There were not many French prisoners of war in Vietnamese hands. The last exchange took place in October, 1947.—Reuter.

Death Of Lord Derwent

Paris, Jan. 13.—Lord Derwent, Liberal Member of the House of Lords, died in a Paris hospital last night.

He was taken ill on his way home from Switzerland.

Lord Derwent, who was 49 years old, was a former diplomat. He had been an honorary attaché at Warsaw, Brussels, Madrid and Bern.

He was also a poet and author under the pen name of George Vandond.

His engagement to Senorita Carmen Gandarillas, daughter of the Secretary to the Chilean Embassy in London, was announced in November, 1941.

His first wife died at Bern in 1941. She was Comtesse Catinu Czynkowski, daughter of General Illesco, a former Chief of the General Staff of the Rumanian Army.

After her death at Bern in 1941, Lord Derwent returned to Britain and joined the I.A.F., in which he served from 1942 to 1944.

It was an illness involving lung trouble and pneumonia that sent him to Switzerland to recuperate.—Reuter.

Dutch Premier Meets Indonesian Leader

Batavia, January, 13.—It was learned today that the Dutch Premier, Willem Drees, and the Indonesian leader, Professor Supomo, conferred for an hour yesterday. It was the first contact between the Dutch and the Republicans since the Netherlands attack on December 19.

The meeting took place at the palace of the Dutch High Commissioner, Louis Beel. A Dutch spokesman described the discussion as a "reconnaissance" and indicated that there might be further contacts.

Indonesian sources said it was "completely informal in character," and Professor Supomo would not meet Drees again. It was believed that he had turned down an offer to join the Dutch-sponsored Interim Government.

The meeting was understood to have been on Dutch initiative. Representatives of the United Nations Good Offices Committee will fly to Bangkok Island on Saturday to interview Republican leaders, the spokesman announced today.

He said the American, Belgian and Australian members would travel aboard a Dutch aircraft to establish contact with the Republican Premier, Mohammed Hatta, and the chairman of the Republican delegation, Dr Mohammed Ruman. News correspondents will not be allowed to accompany the United Nations mission.

THOUSANDS MOURN TOMMY HANDLEY

London, Jan. 13.—Londoners in their thousands turned out today to pay their last respects to Tommy Handley, the man who kept them laughing throughout the war.

Men and women stood in silent tribute as the cortege passed slowly through six miles of London streets to Golders Green crematorium.

Mounted police and motor cycle patrols cleared a path for the stream of cars. By the time the service began, more than 5,000 thronged the forecourt of the chapel and the road leading to it.

Tommy's show, "It's That Man Again," known to the whole country as ITMA, passed 300 performances at the end of last year.

The route of the funeral cortege, preceded by mounted police and motor cycle patrols, was specially altered to pass Tommy Handley's house, where his widow, unable to attend because of illness, watched from behind drawn curtains. Her wreath of red roses and a spray of spring flowers from Tommy's 85-year-old mother were the only tributes on the coffin.

Hundreds of other wreaths—five motor cars were required to carry them all—had poured in from all over Britain.

Sir William Haley, Director-General of the BBC, was present at the funeral, and nearly every well-known BBC variety act was represented. The crowds outside the chapel listened to the service relayed by loudspeakers.—Reuter.

26 To Be Tried In Athens For Gold Smuggling

Athens, Jan. 13.—Twenty-six people, including a Swiss alman, will be tried in Athens on January 27 on charges of smuggling \$1,178,000 worth of gold into Greece from Switzerland and Egypt.

They are accused of belonging to an international gang which exported foreign currency into Switzerland in exchange for gold sovereigns and napoleons which were then smuggled into Greece.

Among the defendants are Panos Petalas, an exchange broker living in Switzerland; Gerard de Chabrier, a Swiss pilot, and a Greco-American pilot, Harry Nyant.

The two pilots are also accused of smuggling 4,000 Swiss watches into Greece.

Six of the accused, including a Greek naval officer, Constantin Bacopoulos, will be tried in their absence.

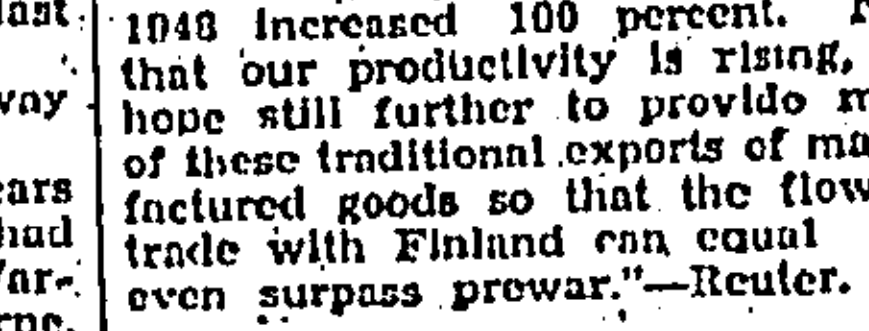
The trial follows the conviction in Athens last month of Cesar Roldoza, the Secretary of the Dominican Republic, in Bern, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for currency smuggling.—Reuter.

ANGLO-FINNISH TRADE TALKS

London, Jan. 13.—The Overseas Trade Minister, Mr Arthur Bottomley, announced today that the Anglo-Finnish trade talks here today, told the Finnish representatives: "The austerity of the British people is outdone by the austerity of Finland. I wish you every success in your endeavour to overcome the troubles that confront your country."

"British exports to Finland in 1948 increased 100 percent. Now that our productivity is rising, we hope still further to provide more of these traditional exports of manufactured goods so that the flow of trade with Finland can equal and even surpass prewar."—Reuter.

POCKET CARTOON



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